

PRINTER'S INK!

Merchants and men of all trades and professions should use Printer's Ink, well displayed, if they expect to prosper in their business.

Advertising.—The Rural Gentleman, of Baltimore says a great many sensible things in the following article:

"We would now at this season of the year address a short article to our advertisers, and especially those who do not advertise regularly. Generally all our articles are written for the benefit of readers, but we think advertisers need a lecture occasionally as well as readers. But one would hardly think this should be the case, for men who advertise are generally men of good, sharp, business ideas, and as a general thing, are men who are successful in business. Take the world over, and ask all the merchants who have retired rich the true secret of their success; ask them what it was that first brought them into public favor, and they will tell you it was advertising. That's the secret.

Advertising just what you have to sell, and keep it always before the people, and, above all, don't do your advertising spasmodically—that is to say, advertise for a few weeks and then stop for two or three months, as most people do, arguing that it is no time to advertise in a dull season. A great mistake was never made; for it is during the dull season that people have time to read the papers, and very naturally find themselves wending their way to the house whose advertisement they have seen and read.

Advertise your business in the
LINCOLN COUNTY HERALD.

Advertising Patronage.—In a general sense, the effort on the part of any merchant to get trade without advertising is a wrong to other business men in the place. Whether a man believes in advertising or not, he will concede that the newspapers are a great help to the place, and that business amounts to very little in places that don't support one or more of them. Absence of newspapers is a bad sign for a place, in a business point of view. The men who support the village paper do more to build up the place, and make it prosperous, and draw trade there, than all other influences combined.

Advertise your business in the
LINCOLN COUNTY HERALD.

Worthy of Imitation.—We notice in a western paper the fact that there is a merchant in the town in which the paper is printed, who, whenever a man buys a good bill of goods from him, makes the purchaser a present of the village paper, in which he advertises, for one year, and thus he manages to keep the customer constantly reminded of his business—and he will never forget such a present. Should that man give his customers two dollars in greenbacks or in gold, it might soon be forgotten; but when he is once a week, for fifty two weeks, placed in receipt of his friend's bounty, can any one doubt its being a good way to advertise? This is worthy of imitation by business men.—Exchange.

Advertise your business in the
LINCOLN COUNTY HERALD.

The Newspapers of a town are its life blood. Without them it cannot prosper. The better they are supported at home, the more powerful will their influence be abroad. In young cities, struggling, as are those in Missouri, the papers have done more and are doing more to aid in building up the towns in which they are published, and to increase their business, than all the merchants together. To the merchants they are indispensable, as these who have made use of them for advertising, well know.

Advertise your business in the
LINCOLN COUNTY HERALD.

A Truth.—It is an established fact that advertising is the greatest lever of business. Those who have been most successful, as a general rule, have most extensively availed themselves of this aid. There is philosophy in this, as well as practical good sense. The consumer must be reached. He must be informed where to find the articles he is in search of, and he naturally looks to the columns of the newspaper for this information.

Subscribe for and Advertise in the
LINCOLN COUNTY HERALD.

PAINTS FOR FARMERS AND OTHERS.—The Grant Mineral Paint Co., are now manufacturing the Best, Cheapest and most Durable Paint in use; two coats will put on, mixed with pure Linseed Oil, will last 10 or 15 years; it is of a light brown or beautiful chocolate color, and can be changed to green, lead, stone, drab, olive or cream, to suit the taste of the consumer. It is valuable for Houses, Barns, Fences, Carriage and Car-makers, Pails and Wooden ware, Agricultural Implements, Canal Boats, Vessels and Ships' bottoms, Canvas, Metal and Shingle Roofs, (It being Fire and Water proof), Floor Oil Cisterns (one manufacturer having used 5,000 bbls. the past year), and as a paint for any purpose is unsurpassed for body, durability, elasticity and adhesion. Price \$6 per barrel of 50 lbs., which will supply a farmer for years to come. Wanted in all cases as above. Send for a circular which gives full particulars. None genuine unless branded in a trade mark Grant Mineral Paint. Address: DANIEL BIDEWELL, 324 Pearl Street, New York.

ATTENTION PROPERTY HOLDERS!
FIRE! FIRE!! FIRE!!!

"PROBATION IN THE THIEF OF TIME." "Put not off until to-morrow what should be done to-day," for the morrow may never come. Act wise now, for your property is at stake in the STATE INSURANCE COMPANY OF KANSAS. Delays are dangerous. This Company has insured over 500 policies to the property holders of Lincoln county during the past year; and the total amount insured in this State in the past year amounts to over \$5,000, and still increasing every day. Act wisely, and apply for a policy at once, as nothing can be gained by delay. Price \$1.00, and 10c.

LINCOLN COUNTY HERALD.

VOL. 3.

TROY, MO., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1868.

NO. 8.

Member from Callaway Rejected.

The question of admitting Mr. Hord, of Callaway, to a seat in the Missouri House of Representatives, says a Jefferson city special, of the 12th, to the Republican, "led to the most animated debate of the session. The speech of Mr. Hollins, in favor of allowing a Representative to Callaway, and showing that under this same registry which the House declared illegal as to a member of the Legislature, a County Clerk of Callaway was elected and commissioned, was a happy effort. Mr. Thompson of Montgomery, and Mr. Monks, of Howell, also gave good reason why Mr. Hord should be admitted. But the extreme Radicals opposed it in toto, Jewett and Orrick begging the question, while Waters and Downey supplied the prejudice and venom the latter unhesitatingly asserting that Callaway was rebel and must be reconstructed. He was unwilling to give the people there a free vote, but might be induced to give them a free fight!" Notwithstanding the justice of Mr. Hord's claim, and the convincing arguments of his supporters, he was rejected by a majority of three—the vote standing 59 to 56. Here is a gross injustice, right at home, in our own State, that demands the attention and condemnation of the people. For Callaway, "no free vote—but a free fight!" Mr. Downey and his co-laborers in the work of tyranny will find more unflinching hearts to meet them on that score than their traitorous minds may imagine, should they attempt it; and they will find that fighting is not as pleasant as standing in legislative halls and puking from their dirty, filthy hearts such venom.

Thirteen Dollars a Day.

The black and tan Convention of Louisiana, says a New Orleans dispatch of the 11th, "has adopted a resolution paying each member and employe thirty per cent. additional per diem. This raises the pay of delegates to thirteen dollars a day, and involves an increased expenditure of twenty-six thousand dollars. An amendment, paying each delegate ninety thousand dollars in cash and an annual pension of \$7,500, was offered in ridicule and voted down. There is no apparent desire to adjourn, although the Constitution is completed. Heavy filibustering is going on, and it may be depended upon thirteen dollars a day is not going to be so easily parted with. Even when the Convention does adjourn, several committees will hold over until the State government is inaugurated, drawing pay as before. Dispatches from Washington urging adjournment are now boldly disregarded by leaders, who openly boast that they are no longer dependent on Congress.

"After a stormy and disorderly debate the Convention adopted the resolution allowing members and employes 80 per cent. additional pay to their per diem by a vote of—yeas 40, nays 39. A motion to reconsider the vote was lost, which caused another scene of disorder, amidst which the Convention adjourned till the day following."

The Black Dominion Overthrown.

A Montgomery, Alabama, dispatch of the 11th instant, says, "In thirty-four counties the vote for the Constitution stands 51,738. The registration in the same counties was 121,269. This includes all the negro counties but Hale and Marengo. The twenty-six remaining counties have white majorities. To carry the Constitution 86,000 votes must be polled."

Won't Resign.

Long before his removal from office, the country became disgusted with the numerous reports to the effect that Stanton intended to submit his resignation. One day he thought he would and the next day he thought he wouldn't—the country couldn't spare his valuable services. This became such an intolerable nuisance that the majority of people were heartily glad when the President settled the matter by ousting him. But it seems we were destined to disappointments; for, no sooner is he reinstated than we see the following in a special dispatch to Pittsburgh Commercial:

"We have good authority for stating that Mr. Stanton has fully decided that he will not resign the office of Secretary of war."

At the battle of Bannockburn, which was fought June 25th 1314, between King Robert Bruce of Scotland and Edward I. of England, fifty thousand English or nearly one half of Edward's entire army were killed or taken prisoners. King Robert's whole force consisted of only thirty thousand souls.

During two years investigation into the collection of the whisky tax, by a variety of commissions—Congressional, scientific, and detective—frauds have been steadily increasing and the revenue has been steadily diminishing.

McCormick's Reaping Machines.

In the late Paris exposition, C. H. McCormick received the first premium over all others on his Reaping machine. When the competition was so great, and the skill involved in the construction of machinery so varied and perfect, the honor of the superiority over others for the best harvesting machine on exhibition, must be truly gratifying to him.

The Chicago Tribune gives the following statement in regard to the matter:

There were eleven "grand prizes"—the highest awarded—consisting of beautifully designed gold medals. Three of these were awarded to the emperors of Austria, Russia, and France, respectively, while eight were presented to private citizens of various nationalities.

A group jury, consisting of members selected from the various minor juries, selected to make the awards of the grand medals. This jury had no difficulty in making the award of the first grand medal to McCormick's machine, thus showing that, in their opinion, it was the best on exhibition. The Emperor Napoleon, after witnessing the trial of the machines, was so forcibly impressed with the superiority of McCormick's that he added the further testimonial of the cross of the Legion of Honor. Mr. McCormick is the only exhibitor who received both these first distinctions in the exhibition. The Paris Moniteur, the official paper of the Emperor, publishes both the name and the awards, thus giving the sanction of that ruler to the transaction. The following, in reference to the matter, is quoted from Galignani's Messenger, published in Paris:

"At the late distribution of recompenses for agricultural products, improvements, and instruments, Mr. McCormick, of the United States, not only obtained a grand prize for his invention of the reaping machine, but was nominated by the emperor, Knight of the Legion of Honor." "These notices tell the whole story in a short space. The trials were varied and exhaustive, testing all the points requisite to a good machine. Trials were made not only before the jury, but in the presence of the Emperor himself, and if there were prejudices on the part of the jurors in favor of any of the exhibitors, they existed in favor of those from the old world, where the arts are understood to have reached a higher state of perfection than in the United States: but the manner in which the McCormick machine did its work was so superior to all others that no choice was left but to award it the first prize."

Marrying Cousins.

A bill has been introduced into the New York Legislature, which will put an end to this improper custom of marrying among cousins, which prevails in some portions of the country. It provides that it shall be unlawful for one first cousin to engage or agree to marry another first cousin of the same consanguinity. Any person violating the proposed law may be punished by a fine of not more than \$1,000, or imprisonment for not longer than one year, or both fine and imprisonment.—Exchange.

Right. We think the enactment of a similar law in every State of the Union would lift a small burden of taxation from the shoulders of those who are otherwise obliged to erect public institutions and provide gruel, sage and arrow-root to maintain a multitude of dolts and downright idiots. Let stringent laws be enacted in opposition to this barbarous practice, and we believe that in a few years there will be a palpable diminution in the ranks of those who have hitherto flouted their deformities in the face of charity.

A Good Churn and Rich Cream.

We learn that a few days since, a lady who resides near Albany, in this county, poured a couple of gallons of cream into her churn and after putting it through the usual process, took therefrom two pounds of butter. As she had no use for the milk, it was allowed to stand and next day thinking she had not received sufficient butter from the cream, concluded to give it another churning, which she did, obtaining therefrom as much as she had the day previous. Being somewhat astonished thereat, she allowed the milk to stand until the third day, when it was again churned, and a lump of butter weighing two pounds was the result of her labor. Thus for three days successively, did the same milk yield two pounds of butter, and she was going to try it on the fourth day, but our informant does not know with what success.—Richmond Mo. Conservative.

Steam to the Rocky Mountains.

Travelers from the Atlantic coast can now make an uninterrupted railway journey to the eastern base of the Rocky mountains, the Union Pacific Railroad Company having completed 525 miles of their road west from Omaha, and expected to have reached Evans Pass, the highest point on the road, by January. The Central Pacific road has built over 100 miles east of California, across the Sierra Nevada; so that over one third of the 1,830 miles between Omaha and San Francisco is already completed, and the whole road will undoubtedly be finished in 1870. The net earnings of the way business of the road the past season have been more than sufficient to pay the interest on the whole cost.

A newspaper is to be started in New London, Conn., next month, on the co-operative system. All who work on it—editors, reporters, printers and book-keepers—have invested money in it.

The Poor Washerwoman.

"I declare, I have half a mind to put this bed-quilt into the wash to-day. It does not really need to go either; but I think I will send it down."

"Why will you put it in, Mary, if it does not need to go?" asked her good old aunt, in her quiet and expressive way.

"Why, you see, aunt, we have but a small wash to-day; so small that Susan will get through by one o'clock at the latest, and I shall have to pay her the same as though she had worked till night; so—"

"Stop a moment, dear," said the old lady, gently, "stop a moment and think. Suppose you were in the situation poor Susan is—obliged, you tell me, to toil over the washtub, six days out of seven, for the bare necessities of life; would you not be glad, once in a while, to get through before night, to have a few hours of daylight to labor for yourself and family; or better still, a few hours to rest?"

Mary, dear, it is a hard, hard way for a woman to earn a living. Beggaries the poor creature an easy day. This is the fourth day in succession she has risen by candlelight and plodded through the cold here and there to her customers' houses, and toiled away existence. Let her go at noon if she gets through. Who knows but that she may have come from the sick bed of some loved one, and she counts the hours (yes the minutes) till she can return, fearing that she may be one too late? Put it back on the bed, and sit down here while I tell you what one poor washerwoman endured, because her employer did as you would to make out the wash." And the old woman took off her glasses, and wiped away the tears, and then, with a tremulous voice, related the promised story:

"There never was a more blithesome bride than that of Ada R—. None ever had higher hopes, more blissful anticipations. Wedding the man of her choice (one of whom any woman might be proud,) few, indeed, had a sunnier life in prospect than she had.

"And for ten years there fell no shadow on her path. Her home was one of beauty and rare comfort; her husband the same kind, gentle, loving man, as in the days of courtship, winning laurels every year in his profession, adding new comforts to his home, and new joys to his fireside; and besides these blessings, God had given another—a little crib stood by the bedside, its tenant a golden-haired baby boy, the image of its noble father, and dearer than aught else earth could offer.

"But I must not dwell on those happy days; my story has to do with other ones. It was with them just as it has often been with others: just when the cup was sweetest it was dashed away. A series of misfortunes and reverses occurred with startling rapidity, and swept away from them everything but love and their babe. Spared to one another and to that, they bore a brave heart, and in a distant city began a new fortune. Well and strongly did they struggle, and, at length, began once more to see the sunlight of prosperity shine upon their home, but a little while it said, and then the shadows fell. The husband sickened, and lay for many a month upon a weary couch, languishing with not only mental and bodily pain, but oftentimes for food and medicines. All that she could do, the wife performed with a faithful hand. She went from one thing to another, till, at length, she who had worn a satin garment on her bridal day, toiled at the washtub for the scantiest living. In a dreary winter, long before light, she would rise morning after morning, and labor for the dear ones of her lowly home. Often she had to set off through the cold, deep snow, and grope her way to kitchens which were sometimes smoky and gloomy, and toil at rubbing, rinsing, starching, not infrequently wading knee-deep in the drift, to hang out the clothes that froze even ere she had fastened them to the line; and when night came, with her scanty earnings, she would again grope through the cold and snow to her oftentimes lightless and fireless home; for her husband was too sick, much of his time, to tend even to the fire or strike a light. And, oh, with what a shivering heart she would draw near, fearing ever she would be too late! It is a fact, that for six weeks, at one time, she never saw the face of her husband or her child, save by lamp-light, except only on the Sabbath. How glad she would have been to have had, once in a while a small washing gathered for her!

"One dark winter morning, as she was preparing the frugal breakfast, and getting everything ready before she left, her husband called her to the bedside.

"Ada, said he, in almost a whisper, 'I want you to try and get home early to-night; be home before light goes; do Ada.' 'I'll try,' answered she, with choked utterance.

"Do try, Ada. I have a strange desire to see your face by daylight; to-day is Friday; I have not seen it since Sunday. I must look at it once again."

"Do you feel worse?" asked she anxiously, feeling his pulse as she spoke.

"No, no, I think not, but I do want to see your face once more by sunlight. I can not wait till Sunday."

"Gladly would she have tarried by his bedside till sunlight had stolen through his little window; but it might not be. Money was wanted, and she must go forth to labor. She left her husband. She reached the kitchen of her employer, and with a troubled face waited for the basket to be brought. A smile played over her face as she asserted its contents. She could get through easily by two o'clock; yes, and, if she hurried by one. Love and anxiety lent new strength

to her weary arms; and five minutes after the clock struck one she hung the last garment on the line, and was just about emptying her tub, when the mistress came in with a couple of bed-quilts, saying—

"As you have so small a wash to-day, Ada, I think you may do these yet." After the mistress had turned her back, a cry of agony, wrung from the deepest fountain of the washerwoman's heart, gushed to her lips. Smothering it as best she could, she set to work again, and rubbed, rinsed, and hung out. It was half past three when she started home, an hour too late! and the aged narrator sobbed.

"An hour too late," continued she, after a long pause. "Her husband was dying; yes, almost gone! He had strength given him to whisper a few words to his half-frantic wife, to tell her how he had longed to look upon her face; that he could not see her then, he lay then in the shadow of death. One hour she pillowed his head upon her suffering heart; and then—he was at rest!"

"Mary, Mary dear," and there was a soul-touching emphasis in the aged woman's words, "be kind to your washerwoman; instead of striving to make her day's work as long as may be, shorten it, lighten it. Few women will go out to washing daily, unless their needs are pressing. No woman on her bridal day expects to labor in that way; and sure my niece, if she is constrained to do so, it is the last resort. That poor woman, laboring now so hard for you, has not always been a washerwoman. She has passed through terrible trials too. I can read her story in her pale, sad face. Be kind to her, pay her what she asks, and let her go home as early as she can."

"You have finished in good time to-day, Susan," said Mrs. M—, as the washerwoman, with her old cloak and hood on, entered the pleasant room to get the money she had earned.

"Yes, ma'am, I have; and my heart, ma'am, is relieved of a heavy load, too. I was so afraid I should be kept till night, and I am so needed at home."

"Is there sickness there?" said the old aunt kindly.

Tears gushed to the woman's eyes as she answered, "Ah, ma'am! I left my baby, most dead this morning; he will be quite so to-morrow. I know it, I have seen it too many times; and none but a child of nine year to attend him. Oh! I must go and quickly." And grasping the money she had toiled for while her baby was dying, she hurried to her dreary home.

Shortly after they followed her; the young wife who had never known a sorrow, and the aged matron whose hair was white with trouble, followed her to her home, the home of the drunkard's babe. She was not too late. The little dying boy knew its mother. But at midnight he died, and then kind hands took from the sorrowing mother the breathless form, closed the bright eyes, straightened the tiny limbs, bathed the cold clay, and folded about it the pure white shroud; yes, and did more—they gave her, what the poor soul seldom have, time to weep.

"Oh, aunt," said Mrs. M—, with tears in her eyes, "if my heart blames you, how much more must poor Susan's! Had it not been for you, she would have been too late. It has been a sad yet holy lesson. I shall always now be kind to the poor washerwoman. But, aunt, was the story you told me a true one—all true, I mean?"

"The reality of that story whitened this head when it had seen but thirty summers, and the memory of it has been one of my keenest sorrows. It is not strange that I should pity the poor washerwoman."

The Great Mystery.

The following beautiful passage is from Timothy Titecomb's "Preaching upon Popular Proverbs":

"The body is to die; so much is certain. What lies beyond? No one who passes the charmed boundary comes to tell. The imagination visits the realms of shadows—sent out from some window of the soul over life's restless waters—but wings itself wearily back with no olive leaf in its beak as a token of empyrean beyond the closely bending horizon. The great sun comes and goes in heaven, yet breathes no secret of the ethereal wilderness. The crescent moon cleaves her nightly passage across the upper deep, but tosses overboard no message and displays no signals. The sentinel stars challenge each other as they walk their nightly rounds, but we catch no syllable of their countersign which gives passage to the heavenly camp. Shut in! Shut in! Between this and the other life there is a great gulf fixed, across which neither eye nor foot can travel. The gentle friend whose eyes we closed in their last sleep long years ago, died with rapture in her wonder-stricken eyes, a smile of ineffable joy upon her lips, and hands folded over a triumphant heart; but her lips were past speech, and intimated nothing of the vision that enthralled her."

The English alphabet contains 26 letters; the French 23; the Italian 20, the Spanish 27; the German 26; the Slavonic 27; the Russian 41; the Latin 22; the Greek 24; the Hebrew 22 the Arabic 28; the Persian 32; the Turkish 28; the Sanscrit 50, and the Chinese 214.

An obstreperous female in Greene county, Pa., has challenged a man to fight with pistols. Cause—breach of promise. It appears she took advantage of this being leap year, and proposed to him; he accepted, but changed his mind, and hence she challenged.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

One Square (10 lines) or less, one insertion..... \$1.00
Each additional insertion..... 75
Administrators' Notices..... 5.00
Final Settlement Notices..... 3.00
Selling Notices (single copy)..... 5.00
Each additional copy in same notice..... 1.00
A Liberal Deduction will be made to yearly advertisers.

They Won't Trouble You Long.

Children grow up—nothing on earth grows so fast as children. It was but yesterday, and that lad was playing with tops, a buoyant boy. He is a man, and gone now! There is no more childhood for him or for us. Life has claimed him. When a beginning is made, it is like a raveling stocking; stitch by stitch gives way till all are gone. The house has not a child in it; there is no more noise in the hall—boys rushing in pell mell; it is very orderly now. There are no more skates or sleds, bats, balls or strings left scattered about. Things are neat enough now. There is no delay for sleepy folks; there is no longer any task before you lie down, looking after anybody, and tucking up the bed clothes. There are no disputes to settle, nobody to get off to school, no complaint, no importunities for impossible things, no ripe to mend, no fingers to tie up, no faces to be washed or collars to be arranged. There was never such peace in the house! It would sound like music to have some feet to clatter down the front stairs! Oh for some children's noise! What use to us, that we were hushing their loud laugh, checking their noisy frolic, and reproving their slamming and banging the doors?

We wish our neighbors would only lend us an urchin or two to make a little noise in these premises. At home without children! It is like a lattern and no candle; a garden and no flowers; a vine and no grapes; a break and no water gurgling and gushing in its channel. We want to be tired, to be vexed, to be run over, to hear children at work with all its variousies. During the secular days, this is enough marked; but it is the Sabbath that puts our homes to the proof. That is the Christian family day. The intervals of public worship are long spaces of peace. The family seems made up on that day. The children are at home. You can lay your hands upon their heads. They seem to recognize the greater and lesser love—to God and to the friends. The house is peaceful, but not still. There is a low and melodious trill of children in it. But the Sabbath comes so still now. There is a silence that aches in the ear. There is too much at the table, too much room at the hearth. The bedrooms are a world too orderly. There is too much leisure and too little care. Alas, what mean these things? Is somebody growing old? Are these signs and tokens? Is life waning?—[Henry Ward Beecher.

Franklin's Wife.

To promote her husband's interests, she attended in his little shop, where she bought rags, sewed pamphlets, folded newspapers, and sold the few articles in which he dealt, such as ink, papers, lamp black, blanks and other stationary. At the same time, she was an excellent house keeper, and besides being economical herself, taught her somewhat careless, disorderly husband to be economical also. Sometimes, Franklin was clothed from head to foot in garments which his wife had both woven and made, and for a long time she performed all the work of the house without assistance of a servant.

Nevertheless she knew how to be liberal at proper times. Franklin tells us that for some years after his marriage, his breakfast was bread and milk, which they ate out of a two penny earthen vessel, with a pewter spoon; but one morning on going down to breakfast he found a beautiful china bowl, from which his bread and milk was steaming, with a silver spoon by its side, which had cost a sum equal in our currency to ten dollars. When he expressed his astonishment at this unwonted splendor, Mrs. Franklin only remarked that she thought her husband deserved a silver spoon and china bowl as much as any of his neighbors.

Franklin prospered in his business until he became the most famous editor and most flourishing printer in America, which gave him the pleasure of relieving his wife from the cares of business, and enabled him to provide for her a spacious and well furnished abode. She adorned a high station as well as she had borne a lowly one, and presided at her husband's liberal table as well as when he ate his breakfast of bread and milk from a two penny bowl.—Ex.

Give me Drink.

Mr. M. Loed, an English writer, puts the following language in the mouths of those who visit the rum-seller's den:

"There's my money—give me drink! There's my clothing and food—give me drink! There's the clothing food and fire of my wife and children—give me drink! There's the education of the family and the peace of the house—give me drink! There's the rent I have robbed from my landlord, fees I have robbed from my schoolmaster, and innumerable articles I robbed from the shop-keeper—give me drink! Pour me out drink, for more I will yet pay for it! There's my health of body and peace of mind—there's my character as a man, and my profession as a Christian—I give up all—give me drink! More yet have I to give! There's my heavenly inheritance and the eternal friendship of the redeemed—there—there—is all hope of salvation! I give up my Saviour! I give up my God! I resign all! All that is great, good and glorious in the universe, I resign for ever, that I may be drunk!"

Valparaiso dates were to January 10th. Agents were to leave in March for the United States and Great Britain to obtain emigrants for the southern part of Chili.

"Well, my boy do you know what 'syntax' means?" said a schoolmaster to his pupil. "Yes, sir," was the reply, "the duty on spirits."